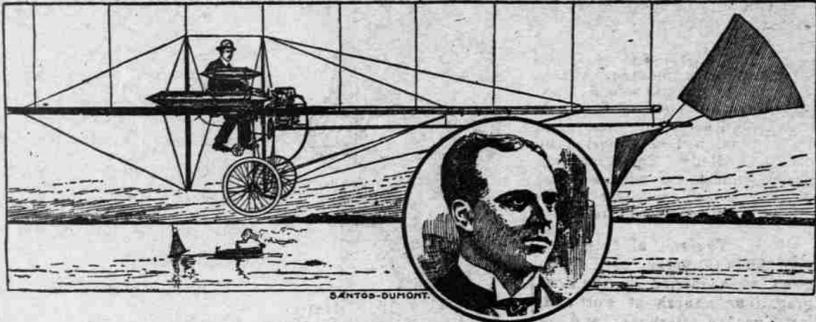


**MODEL OF SANTOS-DUMONT'S AIR SHIP AND A PORTRAIT OF THE INVENTOR.**



The air ship which M. de Santos-Dumont successfully tried in Paris is the outgrowth of several years of work and experiment on the part of the inventor. This machine was only recently completed. Work on its construction was kept profoundly secret until it was ready to sail. The illustration shows herewith a photograph of the ship finished by the inventor last year. It is very much the same in size and construction as that used by Santos-Dumont. This apparatus is suspended from a huge cigar-shaped balloon not shown in the picture. The motor is a gasoline engine, which drives the shaft of the screw. The aeronaut sits in the saddle and starts the motor by means of a pedal and chain gear, as in the case of a motorcycle. The gasoline is contained in the upper cylinder and in the lower and larger cylinder is a reservoir of water which is used as ballast. The capacity of the balloon which floats this apparatus is 11,700 cubic feet, and the motor gives sixteen horse power. The inventor has been working upon his idea for many years. He is a practiced aeronaut and has had a long experience as a balloonist.

**THE MIRACLE.**

The bells of hope to him rang clear,  
The pride of youth reigned in his heart.  
He scoffed at failure, dread, and fear.  
Valiant was he to serve his art.  
"My pen shall speak to all mankind;  
The world shall know my fame," he said.  
He wrote. The world to him was blind,  
His message, from his birth, lay dead.  
Mature, he labored on in faith,  
While kindness took the place of pride;  
His dream of fame became a wraith  
That mocked him in the eventide.  
"My pen shall speak but to the few—  
The few that value worth," he said.  
He wrote. The little world he knew  
Spoke fair, but left his words unread.  
When years had stolen faith and hope,  
When fame seemed worthless in his eyes,  
The aged man, a misanthrope,  
Pursued his quest of honor's prize.  
"My pen shall speak to one alone—  
I'll write but for myself," he said.  
He wrote. And from his heart the stone  
Of failure vanished as he read.

And then a miracle was done.  
The thing he wrought for secret store  
Went to the world, and one by one  
Elsie honors sought his door.  
"I wrote the tale my heart found true,  
Unmindful of the world," he said.  
And as he passed from mortal view  
Fame placed her wreath upon his head.  
—Success.

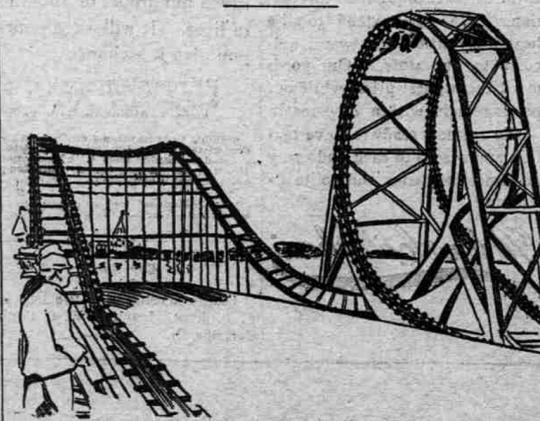
**ONE TOO MANY.**

66 JIM, I want you to meet Elsie  
Everton, was the way Mrs.  
Tom began.  
"Matchmaking," grunted Jim, "will  
be the death of you yet, Sallie."  
"I could not die in a better cause.  
Have you ever seen her?"  
"Once. She was driving with Hobart."  
"Oh, then you know all about it."  
"I know Hobart," drily.  
Mrs. Tom nodded.  
"But," she deprecatingly reminded  
him, "he is fascinating; quite the man  
to attract a young creature unaccus-  
tomed to his type. She was just from  
school."  
"I thought that all the girls' schools  
now were colleges."  
"No matter; they don't teach how to  
read Bert Hobart."  
"So Miss Everton took private les-  
sons, eh?"  
"They were engaged," Mrs. Tom an-  
nounced briefly, "and he fitted her."  
"It is a way he has. You want me,  
I suppose, for a sort of soothing-  
syrup?"  
"Oh, she doesn't need soothing-syrup,  
or tonic either; not she. Of course,"  
musingly, "she is in a proper wrath  
against herself. A girl so sets her  
heart, you see, upon crowning a real  
king. It is the very prettiest among  
her castles, in Spain; and there's noth-  
ing like the humiliation of having  
throned the wrong man. But what is  
the use—leaning back resignedly  
among the cushions of her divan—of  
talking to a man about that?"  
"Do you suppose a man never wants  
to tick himself?" asked Jim.  
"He wants to kick the other party  
first."  
"Am I to infer that a woman does  
not?"  
"You may be sure of it. Her indigna-  
tion against herself swallows every-  
thing else. The foe in such cases is be-  
neath attention. But," with a vexed  
little grimace, "that complacent smile  
of Hobart's is certainly exasperating.  
It would do me good to have him thor-  
oughly learn that Elsie Everton has his  
little soul's measure and wouldn't mar-  
ry him to save his life."  
"Oh, she wouldn't, eh?"  
"Not," energetically, "to save her  
own life."  
Jim quoted—  
"The case of Betty Baxter,  
who rejected a man before he axed her,  
and skeptically smiled.  
"As I said," retorted Mrs. Tom, bris-  
tling, "the matter is much too deep for  
a man's understanding."  
"Then why," Jim laughed good na-  
turedly, "are you prodding me with it?"  
"Because," suddenly gracious, "you  
are a valuable ally. Elsie is coming to  
visit me and—"  
Jim flung back his head to break in  
with a jolly laugh.  
"And Hobart is to witness my devo-  
tion and grow madly jealous. Oh, Sal-  
lie, Sallie!"  
"You know very well," said Sallie,  
beaming on him, "that your attentions  
make any girl the fashion. Hobart and  
a dozen others will follow your lead. I  
want Elsie to have a good time."  
"Scolding a lot of poor fellows that  
never did her any harm; that's a girl's  
idea of a pleasant time."  
"You'll help, dear?"  
"Oh, I'll be polite to your guest, of  
course."  
"Of course," gleefully, "we'll soon  
have him subdued."  
"And married?"

"Well," slowly, "it's really wonderful  
how much a woman will forgive."  
Jim chuckled.  
"I am glad," was Mrs. Tom's next  
remark, "that the trellis at Hobart's is  
being cleared away; it obstructed the  
view."  
Jim stood up.  
"Shall I go over," he inquired, "and  
discover how far—"  
"I know," she interrupted. "He can  
see every man that comes up the steps,  
all the flowers that come, every drive  
she takes and I'll see to her clothes,  
they make such a difference."  
"Poor man," Jim said, with a comi-  
cal grimace. "I'll go and have a smoke  
with him."  
"If he should ask you," Sallie called  
after him along the hall, "about a re-  
port that she flirted with him, say you  
heard it."  
"I say, Sallie," Jim remonstrated  
over his shoulder, "bar fibs."  
"There really is such a report," Mrs.  
Tom assured him. "I started it my-  
self."  
"Good Lord deliver us," said Jim.  
"It will get him in a proper state of  
mind."  
"I dare say."  
"Do you really mean to marry her to  
Hobart?" asked Tom, who had been an  
amused witness of this little chat be-  
tween his wife and her brother. She  
waited to hear the front door shut, then  
smiled and touched a finger to her lips.  
"To Jim," she whispered, and passed  
the finger from her lips to his.  
"I see," genially, "and I'll join the  
game."  
"Oh, will you?" rather startled.  
"How?"  
"I'll be one of the rivals. A mar-  
ried man can get very much in the  
way when he wants to."  
"But, Tom, it really isn't necessary.  
With Jim in the lead, there'll be rivals  
enough."  
"The more the merrier," gaily. "I'll  
help."  
"It's ever so good of you," said Mrs.  
Tom, and hummed a little tune in the  
pause that followed.  
About two weeks later Jim was hur-  
rying along the sidewalk one day when  
Mrs. Tom's trap drew up alongside.  
"I was going to you," he said, as he  
stepped in, "with news."  
"News?"  
"Yes. Hobart is meeting your expecta-  
tions. We happened in at the florist's  
together, and he grinned so offensively  
that I judge you may feel quite sure of  
him."  
"You were both ordering flowers for  
that girl?"  
"You don't suppose that I am going  
to back down for a cad like Hobart, do  
you?"  
"But you look and talk as if he were  
successful."  
"Well," sullenly, "I'll not take his  
grin for it."  
Mrs. Tom faltered a bit over her next  
question.  
"Is— is any one else in the running,  
do you think?"  
"No; unless— You're not quarreling  
with Tom about anything, are you?"  
"He's in the plot," with a faint  
laugh.  
"Acts his part," drily, "pretty well."  
"He does everything well," said Mrs.  
Tom, but she was pale.

"He pays a good price for orchids,  
too."  
"He was at the florist's with you?"  
"He was. And his grin," sulkily,  
"was very like Hobart's; and he went  
off humming that idiotic jingle—"  
"The lion and the unicorn  
Fighting for a crown;  
Up jumps a little dog  
And knocks them both down."  
"Tom is so bright," said Mrs. Tom.  
To which Jim grunted, and the drive  
was finished in silence.  
That night Miss Everton went to her  
hostess for a bit of confidence; she was  
prettily flushed and shy.  
"You persuaded me," she began, "to  
let Mr. Hobart speak, so— I did."  
"Yes?" Mrs. Tom answered coldly.  
"But, oh, Sallie, I do feel small about  
it. Don't you think, dear, that a dif-  
ferent sort of man, a man who thinks  
of me at my best, would hate to know  
I did it?"  
"A different sort of man?"  
"Oh, very different," demurely;  
"you," with a shy, bright glance, "think  
so, too."  
Righteous, astonished wrath gathered  
in Mrs. Tom's eyes; but a knock in-  
terrupted. With the opening of the  
door came a rainbow gleam of orchids.  
"Oh, glorious!" cried Miss Everton.  
There was a basketful of the rare,  
spidery beauties. The servant waited,  
looking to his mistress, who was pale  
and silent.  
"For Miss Everton?" she said at last.  
"For you, madam."  
She went hurriedly past him and  
down to the smoking room. Jim and  
Tom were there. Flushed and a little  
out of breath, she ran to Tom.  
"Don't get up," setting an arm com-  
fortably over his shoulder and looking  
across to her brother. "I only want to  
tell Jim that Bert Hobart has been re-  
jected."  
"You're sure?" cried Jim.  
"And I wish," with a peremptory  
nod, "that you would go up and ask  
Elsie if she'd like a— glass of wine, or  
anything."  
Tom began to laugh, but met his  
wife's eyes with tears in them, and  
stared instead.  
"I'm so glad," struggling with a hap-  
py sob, "about Jim and Elsie."  
"Nonsense; you mustn't fib to me,  
Sallie. What's the matter?"  
The only answer was a long breath  
of content. Later, however, there came  
a retort question.  
"What did you mean by that 'little  
dog' jingle?"  
This had to be somewhat elaborated,  
and then Tom finished his interrupted  
laugh.  
"Why, I was helping the plot," he  
said.  
"Oh, yes. And I am ever so much  
obliged to you," with another sigh of  
peace; "ever so much; but next time,  
dear, you needn't bother."—Town and  
Country.

**THE "LOOP THE LOOP" CRAZE.**



**THE LOOP IN THE CENTRIFUGAL RAILWAY.**  
The "flip-flap," or "loop-the-loop," is the latest sensation designed for those for whom the old scenic railway with its sudden curves was not swift enough. It applies a scientific principle to the conveyance of a carload of human beings around the inside of a track describing a perpendicular circle—and they don't fall out. To describe it more familiarly, the people in the car are in the position of the water in a pitcher which is whirled rapidly above, its mouth downward part of the time. Why doesn't the water pour out is the natural question. Well, it doesn't have time. Not exactly. In fact, the force driving the water ahead is so much greater than the force of gravity drawing it down that it cannot fall. The people in the loop-the-loop rush down a grade at such speed that they cannot fall even when they are upside down in the loop, because the momentum they have gained sends them onward, presses them into their seats in the car and holds them there until the car is once more bottom side down. The sensation in the flip-flap is not pleasant. The traveler feels as if a giant hand had been placed on his head and was squeezing him down in the seat. Rushing along at a great rate, the car is suddenly caught in an upward curve, runs up, back and down, before the people seated in it lose their forward impetus. It's very scientific, but not very pleasant either to see, indulge in or think of. Mr. W. the Chicago minister at Washington, tried it once. He said once was enough. At Coney Island it has been suppressed by the police.

**LAZIEST MAN IS DEAD.**

**PASSED HIS ENTIRE LIFE IN AN-  
DOVER, CONN.**

Never Worked from His Birth to His  
Death, Invented a Valuable Device to  
Save His Own Labor and Finally  
Sought an Easy Demise.

The laziest man in New England is  
dead.

Joseph A. Bingham was 50 years old  
and never in the memory of any ac-  
quaintance had he done a stroke of  
work. He was born, reared, lived and  
died in Andover, Conn. Bingham was  
so lazy, says the Boston Post, that the  
sight of a woodpile, saw-horse and saw  
made his head ache. The sight of men  
at work caused him to have fits. He  
usually took them under the shade of a  
big elm in front of the town tavern.  
He never washed his face, combed his  
hair, wore a collar nor laced his shoes.  
All these little minor things required  
some degree of animation, and Bingham  
abhorred animation.

Born of well-to-do parents, he was  
supported by their wealth as long as  
they lived, then a legacy was left him  
in trust, which the selectmen doled out  
to him. He boarded at Andover inn for  
years, until his money was gone, then  
the scene shifted to a little house pro-  
vided by the selectmen. Here it was  
charged that he was too lazy to cut the  
wood given him, too lazy to draw water  
from the near-by well, too lazy to tie up  
his shoes. It was too much work to  
put on a collar, and as for cooking a  
meal with material all given him—  
well, he would starve rather than do it.

Several years ago, when he became a  
town charge, an effort was made to  
get work out of him, but it proved a  
flat failure. He was let out to a far-  
mer to assist in threshing grain. Bingham  
was given the position of taking  
away the shucked straw after it had  
passed through the whirling thresh-  
er. He watched the machine work for a  
few minutes and then, with a hammer  
and nails and two or three pieces of  
board, rigged up a device which, when  
attached to a crank on the feeder, served  
to carry the discharged straw away to  
the dump. This single effort pros-  
trated Bingham and he took a nap  
forthwith.

Some one recognized the value of the  
new device, and the idea was patented  
in Bingham's name as a joke. A short  
time later an agent for a threshing ma-  
chine company came to Andover and  
woke Bingham up. The agent found  
him under his favorite tree asleep, as  
usual. The agent talked; Bingham look-  
ed disturbed. The agent wanted the  
use of the patent; Bingham wanted to  
be left alone. Finally the exasperated  
agent, getting no replies from the lazy  
man, raised his bids by degrees from  
\$50 to \$500. Bingham turned over and  
settled himself to take a well-earned  
rest. Then the agent gave him a paper  
to sign, but Bingham was sleeping the  
sleep of the weary. The agent gave  
up and left town. Bingham slept on.  
His sleep was never disturbed by the  
thought of the fortune that knocked  
at his door.

For the first time in 25 years he look-  
ed into a mirror. What he saw there  
was his own reflection. He walked out  
and deliberately began a nap in front  
of an approaching train. It ended his  
life easily. No exertion on his part was  
needed, as there would have been if he  
had used a pistol, rope or poison.

**NEW SEEDLES WATERMELONS.**

Secret of Raising Them Said to Have  
Been Discovered in Colorado.

Former State Senator Swink has been  
working on the seedless melon propo-  
sition many years. During the long win-  
ter nights he sat up and wrestled with  
the great problem. "How can it be  
done?" Often daylight found him ex-  
amining minutely and microscopically  
the seeds he had cut and hacked and  
desiccated, in his efforts to determine  
how to get along without them. And  
early one morning about five months  
ago, so it is related, Mr. Swink came  
bounding into breakfast after one of his  
all-night sessions and startled his wife  
and children by shouting in a perfect  
spasm of glee: "I've got it! I can  
do it!"

Then, it is said, he rushed away with-  
out explaining to his astonished family  
what on earth he meant.  
But Mrs. Swink is reputed to have  
said: "Never mind; father knows."  
And as "father" stands quite well in  
the estimation of his family, the mere  
knowledge that he knew was quite suf-  
ficient for all. Swink selected certain  
kinds of seeds, planted them at certain  
unusual distances apart and began to  
watch for the first signs of their ger-  
mination. After spying on the plants as  
they grew, it became known that he  
had really put some momentous enter-  
prise on foot.

Later Mr. Swink brought and laid be-  
fore his family and friends a huge,  
long green melon, and dividing it clearly  
at one stroke of his big knife, dis-  
played to them the pink interior of a  
splendid emerald sphere without a single  
seed. This was but the small be-  
ginning of a great end. Of course, Mr.  
Swink will not reveal the secret process  
by which he cut off a melon's hope of  
posterity and at the same time renders  
its fleeting presence here most bene-  
ficial and beloved.—Denver Post.

**HE JOINED THE SHOW.**

But Twenty-four Hours' Work With-  
out Sleep Was Too Much.

"I haven't been to a circus for forty  
years," declared the well-known busi-  
ness man with a chuckle, according to  
the Detroit Free Press. "The fact is  
that I always feel like leaving town  
whenever I hear that one is coming,  
for fear that I might meet the man to  
whom I hired out as a circus hand in  
the days when I was young."

"I suppose there is a period in  
every boy's life when his only ambition  
is to belong to a circus. I know there  
was in mine, and I had it satisfied in  
the shortest time on record. A small  
show had pitched its tents on the vil-  
lage green in the little town where I  
lived, and I desired to adopt the pro-  
fession right then and there. I applied  
to the boss for a job and was accepted  
on the spot as a razorback. What is a  
razorback? Well, he is a member of  
the leading gang. You unload in the

morning and raise her back at night. I  
was simply appalled by the amount of  
work that came my way, followed by  
such profanity that I never hope to  
hear again. I was kept on the jump  
till midnight, when we had the outfit  
all loaded up, and I breathed a sigh of  
relief, which quickly gave way to one  
of despair when the boss told me to  
drive the wagon that had the tents  
loaded on it. In those days the only  
means of traveling was by wagon.

"Say, mister," said I, timidly, "when  
do we sleep?"  
"Sleep? he roared; 'we don't sleep  
here!'"

"I felt that was a fact, as I knew we  
had an all-night's ride ahead of us,  
with the weary work of unloading as  
soon as we did arrive. But, as far as  
I was concerned, tired nature gave out  
and I was sound asleep before we had  
gone a mile. I awoke just as day was  
breaking and found myself on a lonely  
country road and without the slightest  
idea where I was. From a country  
boy who chanced to come along I  
learned that the town I was supposed  
to be headed for was thirty miles  
away, and that I was getting farther  
away from it every minute. When I  
realized my position my teeth com-  
menced to chatter. But suddenly a  
brilliant idea occurred to me.

"Say," said I to the boy, "do you  
want a pass to the show?"  
"You bet," said he.

"Well," said I, "drive this wagon to  
the town where the show is and I will  
see that you get in. One of our ele-  
phants has escaped and I have got to  
capture him."

"Then I made for home. I never  
heard what they did to that country  
boy when he arrived. I hope they  
didn't kill him."



The period of five seconds between a  
flash of lightning and thunder means  
that the flash was a mile distant from  
the observer. Thunder has never been  
heard over 14 miles from the flash,  
though artillery has been heard at 120  
miles.

It is said to be only a question of  
time before the Bermuda Islands will  
sink under the ocean. The geological  
theory is that the islands are merely  
the remnant of one large island. The  
subsidence within a comparatively recent  
period has been from 80 to 100 feet.

The earth revolves on its axis once  
in 24 hours. Millions of years ago the  
day was 22 hours; millions of years be-  
fore, it was 21 hours. As we look back-  
ward into time we find the earth re-  
volving faster and faster. There was a  
time, ages ago, long before geology be-  
gins, when the earth was rotating in a  
day of five or six hours in length. In  
the remotest past the earth revolved  
in a day of about five hours. It could  
revolve no faster than this and remain  
a single unbroken mass.

The Russian people are fond of tea,  
and efforts are being made to develop  
important tea plantations in the Cau-  
casus. Nearly half a century ago it was  
found that the tea-plant could be  
grown in gardens on the shores of the  
Black Sea, but at first it was culti-  
vated only as a curiosity or for orna-  
ment. Since 1890 plantations of con-  
siderable extent have been formed, and  
while the cultivators have not succeed-  
ed in imitating the fine flavor of Chi-  
nese, Ceylonese or Indian tea, yet the  
demand among the peasants for tea of  
some kind is so great that even the  
Caucasian variety finds a market. The  
Russian government is trying to en-  
courage the cultivation.

The city of Paris is being rapidly sup-  
plied with a system of public clocks  
worked by compressed air under elec-  
trical control. The entire area of the  
city is divided into sections about a  
mile and three-quarters in radius, and  
in the center of each section is a sub-  
station provided with a reservoir of  
compressed air, from which air-pipes  
extend to all the clocks included in  
the section. By means of electro-magnets,  
energized every minute with currents  
from a commutator controlled by a  
master-clock at the central station, the  
air-pipes are intermittently connected  
with the reservoirs, and thus the com-  
pressed air, once every minute, drives  
forward the hands of the clocks.

It is generally known that some spe-  
cies of birds are able to imitate the  
songs of other birds, but a more sur-  
prising fact is related by a French nat-  
uralist, Monsieur Coupin, concerning a  
sparrow which learned the shrill chirp  
of grasshoppers. The insects happen-  
ed to be confined in a cage hung be-  
side the sparrow's cage, but it was  
not until a year afterward, when again  
the bird and the grasshoppers were  
neighbors, that the sparrow was heard  
imitating the notes of the insects. All  
the rest of its life, and long after the  
grasshoppers from whom it had taken  
its lessons were dead, the sparrow con-  
tinued to intermingle with its own songs  
the peculiar music of its lost friends.

"Plus" Man Ever in Demand.  
The "plus" man is one who is more  
than appears on the surface, bigger  
than he looks, stronger than he seems,  
abler than he shows in ordinary affairs,  
better than the world judges him, con-  
stantly rising to great occasions and ac-  
complishing more than is expected of  
him, writes Victor Smith in the New  
York Press. There are many such men  
to whom great occasions never come.  
There are a few whose "plusness" has  
a chance to illuminate the earthy every  
day.

Perhaps the finest type of "plus" man  
was President Lincoln. Grant, too, was  
plus. It might be confessed that plus,  
in the sense used, is nearly synony-  
mous with successful. In commercial  
life Mr. Morgan is heavily plus. In  
railroading William K. Vanderbilt and  
Edward H. Harriman have loomed up  
rather suddenly as plus. Commodore  
Vanderbilt and Jay Gould were plus.  
Croker is plus. Odell is plus.

In the contracting line John B. Mc-  
Donald is heavily plus. It is not every  
man of affairs who can take hold of a  
\$35,000,000 job and carry it along suc-  
cessfully without losing a pound of  
flesh from worry. Plus men seldom  
worry. They have great nerve but no  
nerves.

**HUMOR OF THE WEEK**

**STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN  
OF THE PRESS.**

**Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases  
of Human Nature Graphically Por-  
trayed by Eminent Word Artists of  
Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.**

"Young man," said the stern parent,  
"do you think you will be able to sup-  
port my daughter in the style to which  
she has been accustomed?"  
Now this young man thought for a  
moment, and then replied:  
"Well—er—I think so, with one excep-  
tion."  
"Aha! And what may the exception  
be, sir?"  
"I don't think I could be so infernal-  
ly stingy with the gas."—Denver  
Times.



"James Henry, are you intoxicated?"  
"I deny 'mpathically hor'ible accusa-  
tion."  
"Then it is the finest imitation I have  
ever beheld."

**True Resignation.**  
The Spinster (an invalid)—Is it really  
true that marriages are made in heav-  
en?

The Parson—Yes. I believe so.  
The Spinster (resignedly)—Oh, then  
I'll tell the doctor he needn't call again.  
—Chicago News.



First Bystander—Who's the swell?  
Second Bystander—Oh, that's Old Man Cauldflower. He raised an acre of  
red potatoes.—St. Paul Pioneer Press

**A Testimonial.**  
"Dear Doctor: When I began using  
your hair medicine three months ago  
you assured me that my hair would  
not trouble me much longer. I take  
pleasure in stating that you spoke the  
truth. Could you give me the address  
of a good wig maker?"—Baltimore  
American.

**Took Her at Her Word.**  
Mrs. Smith—Don't you hear me ask  
for a dollar?  
Mrs. Smith—I do.  
Mrs. Smith—Then why do you only  
give me 50 cents?  
Mr. Smith—Because you told me yes-  
terday to believe only half that I hear.  
—Judge.

**A Great Artist.**  
Miss Shoddie—Why, maw, just come  
to this side of the room and look at that  
portrait of paw that Dauber painted.  
Mrs. Shoddie—I see the face looks  
sort of greasy. That shows what a  
great artist Mr. Dauber is. Your paw  
got for that picture in August.—New  
York Weekly Sun-Times.

**In America.**  
"Are there, indeed, so many eligible  
young women in America?" asked the  
count.

"There are countless thousands!" re-  
plied the other.

**No Legal Redress.**  
"More than half the pickpockets are  
women."

"Oh, come now; that pretty severe."  
"But it's true. The only reason they  
escape arrest is because they don't pick  
anybody's pockets but their husband's."  
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

**Gems.**  
Clerk—This cook is described as a  
jewel, although a bit set in her way.  
Housekeeper—Have you no ex-  
tra loose jewels?

**A Real Benefactor.**  
"My dear doctor, I cannot thank you  
enough for performing that operation  
on my uncle."  
"I did the best I could."  
"I know it, I know it. By his death  
two whole families are now living in  
comparative ease."—Judge.

**The Crowded Front Row.**  
Scribbs—You used to have some lit-  
erary ambition.  
Stubs—Yes, years ago; but fame is  
so common now that I wouldn't have  
it.

**More Space Required.**  
Mr. Goop—When I die, I don't want  
anything but the truth about me car-  
ved on my tombstone.  
Mrs. Goop—I am afraid we will  
have to put up a stone wall, then, in-  
stead of a monument.—Baltimore  
American.

**His Comment.**  
Mrs. Gaswell—The czar of Russia  
now has four daughters.  
Mr. Gaswell—Oh, the dear little czar-  
dines!—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

**Honesty Pays.**  
Jim—Honesty is their best policy after  
all.  
Bill—How?  
"Remember the dog I stole?"  
"Yep."  
"Well, I tried two hull days to sell  
'im, an' no one offered more'n a dollar.  
So I went, like a honest man, an' giv  
him to th' ole lady what owned 'im,  
an' she giv me \$5."—New York Week-  
ly.

**Medical Assistance.**  
Specialist—Your nerves are affected;  
you need exercise; walk to business ev-  
ery day.  
Sick Man—I do walk to business ev-  
ery day.  
Specialist—You do? Well, you ought  
to have more sense—that's what ails  
you—overstrain. Now, behave yourself  
rationally and ride every day—\$10,  
please.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Faving Money.**  
Mr. Hardhead—I saved a big pile of  
money to-day.  
Mrs. H.—That is lovely! How?  
Mr. H.—Instead of suling a man for  
what he owed me I let him have it.—  
New York Weekly.

**A Natural Death.**  
District Visitor—But, Mrs. Brown,  
haven't you had a doctor?  
Mrs. Brown—No, ma'am; my 'usband  
'e don't 'old with no doctors. 'E says,  
'says 'e, as I'd better die a natural  
death.—Moonshine.

**The Beam and the Mot.**  
Mrs. Dorcas—There can be no ex-  
cuse for a man who goes fishing on  
Sunday.  
Miss Cleek—Not in these days, at any  
rate, when there are so many opportu-  
nities to play golf.—Puck.

**Beyond Recall.**  
"We never remember the faces of  
those we love most dearly."  
"That's so. To save me I can't tell  
what a hundred-dollar bill looks like."

**No Appearances to Keep Up.**  
"Didn't you go away at all, Mrs.  
Dash?"  
"No; Mr. Dash said he was so well  
fixed now that we could afford to stay  
at home if we wanted to—so we did."

**Not for Him.**  
General—Stop that reporter.  
Aid—What! Don't you want to have  
him send home an account of your  
heroism?  
"No. I don't want to be an Ameri-  
can hero for a week and a punching  
bag for the rest of my life."—Life.

**Sentimental.**  
The capitalist colored when he spoke  
of the check that hung in a neat frame  
over his desk.  
"A bit of sentimentalism," said he.  
"The first billion I ever made!"

**After the Honey-moon.**  
He—I can't let you have your own  
way in everything; I must draw the  
line somewhere.  
She—Very well, I'll let you know  
where you'd better draw it.—Puck.

**Proper Place for It.**  
Customer—See here, waiter; I found  
a button in this salad.  
Waiter—Yes, sir; that's part of the  
dressing.—Philadelphia Record.

**Roundabout Good Luck.**  
Fate surely must be something of a wag—  
Some favors that she sends us come zig-  
zag.

**Alarming Forgetfulness.**  
Bridget (10 p. m., to sick sister)—No-  
rah, darlint, Patsy lint me his alar-  
rum against gittin' up early in th' mornin',  
but I do be that dead wid slape whin O'  
wake up O'd not be hearin' wan word  
it 'ud shake. Oud O' sit it yer soide  
at th' bed, an' will ye warn me when  
it rattles in th' mornin'?

Norah—Shure, an' I will.  
Norah (5 a. m.)—Biddy! Biddy, dar-  
lint! Biddy! Shure, th' rattlin's done  
this long since.  
Bridget (five minutes later, slinging  
the clock into a closet and slamming  
the door)—Gh in there, yiz ginnin' bay-  
thin, an' thot's too good for yez!

Norah—Phwat did ye do thot fer?  
Bridget—Phwat fer? Well, thin, O'm  
jist rememberin' thot th' bouid-faced  
dago woke yez up, too.—Leslie's Week-  
ly.

**The Marriage Question.**  
Mrs. Benham—Not one woman in a  
thousand marries the man she wants.  
Benham—She doesn't want to marry  
the man she wants; she wants to mar-  
ry the man some other woman wants.  
—London Tit-Bits.